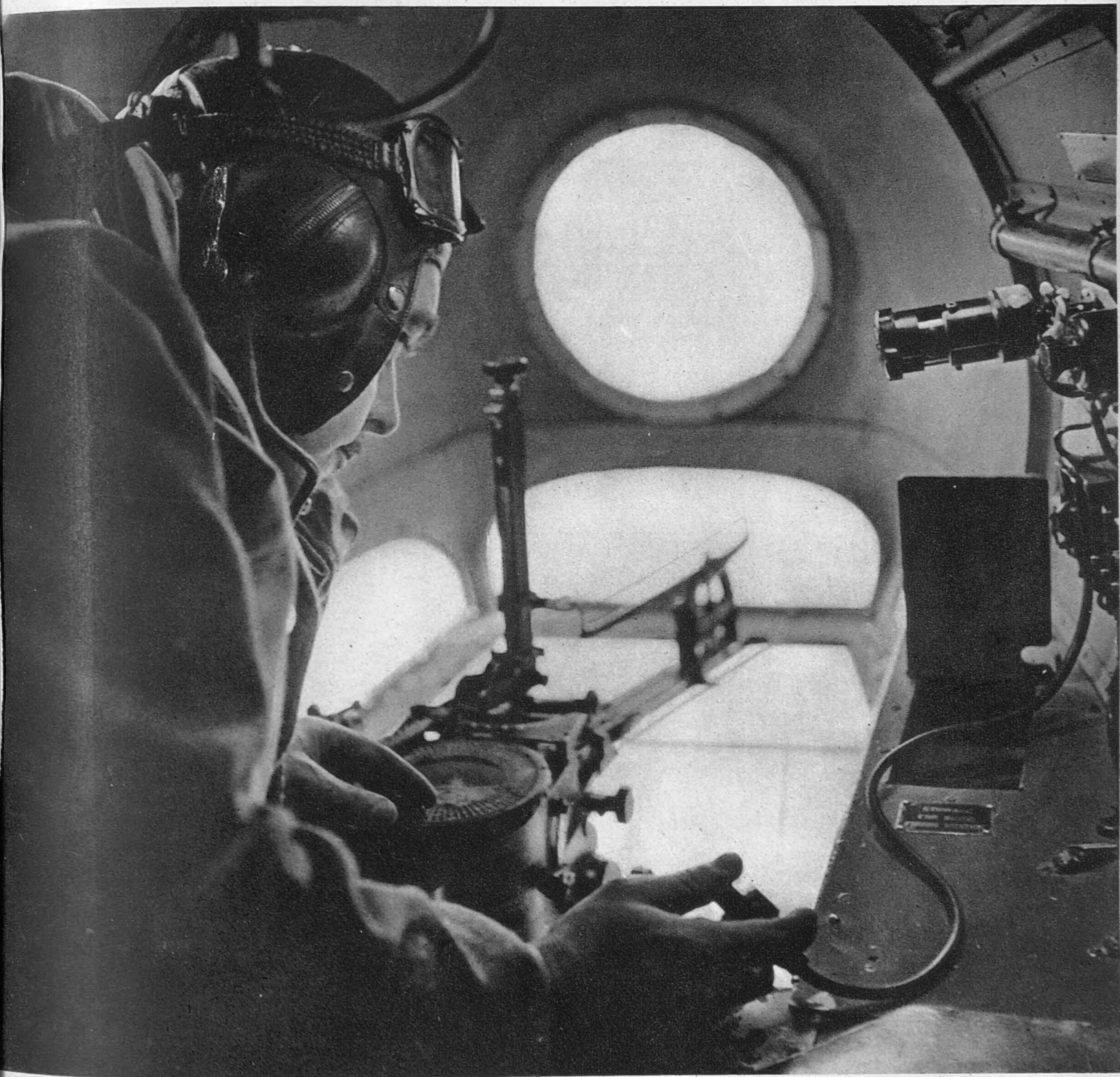
The Sketch

No. 2569—Vol. CXCVIII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1943 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



BOMB-AIMER TRAINEE.

The remarkable accuracy of the R.A.F. bomb-aimers insures that the maximum of destruction to enemy war effort results from the big, concentrated raids which enemy dockyards, industrial areas and U-boat bases get regularly from Bomber Command. Here a débutant bomb-aimer, eyes glued to the bomb-sight, and body tense, is preparing for the great moment which his training has led up to—the release of his first bomb. The picture was taken during target practice at an R.A.F. bomb-aimers' training establishment. More photographs appear on other pages.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Invisible Import. A scientist—by which, of course, I mean a distinguished scientist—has recently urged that one of the first necessities after the war will be "an international auxiliary language." This is intended, I suppose, to supply a little healthful exercise in reconstruction, in case there is not enough already. It seems to me that language is remarkably international already. For example, have you ever pondered upon the word "pyjamas"? I confess I never had until pyjamas suddenly leapt into the news the other day. A queerly exotic sort of word, thought I—now, where did it stray from? So I looked it up in an enormous dictionary, and found that it comes from Persian and Urdu. My Urdu being a trifle rusty, I will not attempt to reproduce the picturesque squiggles and dots in which it should be written, but you can take it from me (or from the dictionary) that it comes from *pae*, a foot or leg, and *jamah*, clothing.

The Munition-worker's finishing touch: **"Do you mind if I put a bad word on this one?"**

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Slumber-wear. It appears in Thackeray, apparently with the meaning of a pair of baggy shorts, in the form of *peijammahs*, and I expect that in Thackeray's day the mere mention of it was considered not quite nice. I can't, for example, imagine anybody mentioning a pair of *peijammahs* in the royal presence. By 1904 the word seems to have become respectable, because my dictionary quotes the *Daily Chronicle* as mentioning (I cannot guess in what connection) "the spectacle presented by the learned counsel . . . and the officers of the court, arranged in front of the pyjama-clad judge." It is certainly a spectacle which fires the imagination, and it is one which we may yet see in the Royal Courts of Justice when all the coupons have run out. My dictionary goes on to explain that pyjamas, properly understood, are "loose silk or cotton trousers tied round the waist, worn by both sexes among Mahommedans," and concludes, rather austerely, with the observation that the word is "in English often in trade use inaccurately applied to a sleeping-suit of loose trousers and jacket." *Inaccurately*, you will notice; when (if you ever do such a thing) you refer to your pyjamas, you don't really mean your slumberwear, but a sort of Aladdin fancy-dress, essentially a one-piece garment, in which the upper storey is incorrect and superfluous. You may nevertheless prefer inaccuracy to pneumonia.

No Frills. You may wonder why I am treating you, who never did me any harm, to all this erudition. Partly because it strikes me as quaint that we should have to go to the Persians for our fashions in night attire and that we should be talking fluent Urdu without knowing it, like M. Jourdain and his prose; and partly because I wonder whether Mr. Dalton had studied the subject of pyjamas as thoroughly as I have when he answered a question in the House about them the other day. It seems that the Army, with insular prejudice, prefers honest Saxon to Urdu, and issues not pyjamas, but nightgowns to soldiers. Not only that, but a soldier is not allowed to sport a pair of pyjamas even if he buys them himself. Apparently, some warriors, of advanced views, feel like an Hon. Member, who asked whether all this was not a little reminiscent of the Middle Ages. Mr. Dalton informed the House that "the clothing issued to other ranks was regarded as covering essential requirements." That is reassuring as far as it goes, but does it go far enough? For the Rt. Hon. gentleman proceeded: "Supplies were much shorter now than they were a year ago." If much shorter, thus leaving the ankles exposed and retarding the circulation, can these garments be said to cover essential requirements? I can't feel, somehow, that Tommy is getting a square deal, and why he should not be allowed to buy a suit of Mohammedan slumberwear out of his own money I wholly fail to understand.

The A.T.S. girl: **"I want toning down a little—I'm going home on leave."**

DRAWN BY PITTS.

For Use Of. However, I dare say this ranks as a very minor problem among the many which confront the fashion department of the Army. I have just been reading an article which, by way of contrast to the poor remnants of my Clothing Ration Book, leaves me stunned. It describes an Army Clothing Store covering 32 acres, with a weekly turnover of 3500 tons, and a stock valued at £17,000,000. It can turn out

Says the W.A.A.F.: **"And he made a sneak raid—dropped a stick of five kisses without any warning!"**

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

SALVAGE FLASH——KEEP THE FACTORIES GOING WITH YOUR WASTE PAPER.

The Boots to the W.A.A.F.: "You were down in the 'otel register as Sergeant Webster, so I brought your shaving water."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

in four days a thousand miles of overcoat cloth, Soviet soldiers, for use of. It thinks nothing of twenty million buttons a week. It can supply "anything, from hats, Gurkha, to boots, Arctic." There is no mention of nightgowns, but I suppose you can get a ton of those by just turning a handle. When you read of such figures, you will piously agree with me that it is not surprising if you and I sometimes have to go a little short, and the miracle is that we don't have to go a great deal shorter.

Utility Triumphant. The only thing that worries me is whether, in the Brave New World, we shall continue to be clad in this "rationalised" manner? I observe that Mr. Dalton, having standardised nightgowns, and having concluded from manufacturers' reports that a woman will be able to have a new hat every three years and a man every five years, is already thinking of putting all civilians in standardised battledress. Already we have lost buttons, pockets, turn-ups, gussets and many other amenities, and now it is a question of getting rid of collars and ties. Look, says one Board of Trade spokesman, at M. Stalin—he never wears a collar and tie! The argument does not entirely satisfy me, but I am not going to resist Utility, provided that I am allowed to wear out my remaining vintage collars and ties, and am not told that it is unpatriotic and snobbish to go on wearing my favourite (and very natty) pyjamas. What I would respectfully suggest to the Board of Trade as a valuable form of Utility would be some standardised laundries which would return the garments committed to their care (*a*) ere moons have waxed and waned, (*b*) up to, say, 50 per cent. of their original number, and (*c*) in recognisable shape and wearable condition.

The Future Perfect. But this is captious; for, obviously, our mere outer shell is a trivial detail amid all the other things which are to be planned and designed for our daily lives. I am going to borrow from that incorrigible realist, Sir Ernest Benn, a short list of some of the things which he has been reckoning up from the post-war world programmes. It includes: the Civil Service, the Diplomatic Service, European transport, home transport, civil aviation, raw materials, exports and imports, wholesale and retail trade, all existing controls, education, town planning, country planning, building, agriculture, currency, banking, international exchange, national medical service, industrial insurance, workmen's compensation, funerals, employment, local government, the catering trade, science—to say nothing of a new League of Nations, Union with America, Federated States of Europe, World Federation, Universal Disarmament and the Rights of Man. Somebody is certainly going to be busy after this war! But there is no restraining the buoyant imagination of our omnicompetent forward-lookers. Their latest enterprise is "a great Government-sponsored 'Come to Britain' campaign, to capture post-war tourist traffic and bring at least £500,000,000 a year to this country." There is to be a catering staff alone of "hundreds of thousands." Soon, no doubt, there will be a Ministry of Beautiful Britain. I wish some of these gifted visionaries, who find it so easy to live in the Future Perfect instead of the Present Tense, would not Come to Britain, but go to—well, elsewhere.

Lunch-time Score. If my last remark should seem peevish, please attribute it to lack of vitamins. We are all suffering from that, to the prejudice of our tempers, and apparently not even rose-hip syrup nor fish-liver oil can make us the little Pollyannas that we should all wish to be. So, at least, I gather from a case recently heard at Quarter Sessions, when it was explained to the Appeals Committee that an appellant, convicted of using his fists too freely, "lost his temper if irritated," and that medical evidence showed that this was due to deficiency of vitamins. One lives and learns. All my life I have noticed a shameful tendency to lose my temper if irritated—indeed, I have seldom lost my temper *unless* irritated—and I had attributed this to human frailty. Now I know what to do about it; when annoyed, I shall just go and chew a carrot. It is also a comfort to learn that if vitamins are in short supply, there is no lack of calories. I find that I need 2600 a day for light work, but if I am writing "Motley Notes" I need 3400. Out of a pound of potatoes I can get 480 calories, calcium 80 and vitamin B1 190. You can work it out on a sort of points system through all your rationed food, and with care and industry you can easily score your 2600. You can even have competitions in the home circle. And you will find that calories-consciousness will improve your appetite enormously. How much more succulent a boiled potato can be when you realise that every mouthful represents fifty points or so! I suppose this is what they mean by the "lunch-time score."

[*Continued overleaf.*

The Farmer to the Land Girl: "All right, all right, *you* win! You can take to-morrow off to get your hair waved!"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

Continued.]

Kicking Against the Pricks.

On the other hand, if you should feel dissatisfied with the calories-content of your potato, do not kick or otherwise ill-use it, because this not only shows a vitamin-deficient temper but may land you in the dock. Above all, never kick a loaf of bread. This was done the other day by four high-spirited sportsmen who used a loaf of bread, fresh from the baker, for a new form of Rugby football. Whether this was done out of sheer *joie de vivre*, or to show contempt of all bread, or dislike of this particular loaf, or personal hostility to the baker, I do not know; I think they must have been thinking of those lines of Kipling about the flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddied loafs at the goals. Anyhow, the winning kick, which sent the loaf soaring over a wall, was witnessed by a vigilant policeman, and it cost the kicker 20s. and costs, and some pointed remarks from the Bench. It seems to me to have been a very moderate charge for this peculiar form of fun, and I should have preferred to let the sailor who brought the grain for that loaf overseas have *his* kick—just one, but a good one. We have all got to realise nowadays that if we cast our bread upon the waters, it returns to us after many days in an hundred-fold fine.

Scrap the Lot!

But, indeed, nothing seems to be sacred nowadays, and the lengths to which vandalism will go are very distressing to old-fashioned persons. They have been talking about moving Eton, like a piano or a bedstead. They have been saying that it is unhealthy, a bottle-neck for traffic, and liable to flooding; and that therefore it ought to be uprooted from the site where, waterlogged and insalubrious, it has nevertheless managed to keep its head above water for 500 years. Exactly where it is to be dumped is not stated. I fancy that some of the terrible infants who have made this impious suggestion must have been suffering from Thames Valley catarrh (as well as lack of vitamins), and their revolutionary unrest may be pardonable on that account. Or possibly they have been unsettled by Mickey Rooney's recent unusual experiences among them. One really does not know where this sort of thing is to stop. Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Oxford and Cambridge are also rather low-lying, and all very unfavourable to rheumatism and lumbago. But it would be a little difficult to remove them all to Derbyshire, or the Black Mountains, and turn them into sanatoriums. However, this new movement does suggest an idea. Among the plans which I have already mentioned, I don't see why we should not have a plan for the Redistribution of Ancient Monuments. And, as all the public schools are, apparently, to be standardised, why not standardise their sites on truly scientific lines?

The Squander-bug: "Now, what I've to ask myself is, 'Is it useful?'"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

The Importance of Being a Pipit.

The Vice-Provost of Eton has been a little unkind about the suggestion. He says curtly that he supposes that the boys must have something to write about. I suppose they must; and so must the correspondents of newspapers. My fascinated eye was caught the other day by a letter to *The Times* in the following brief but arresting terms: "Sir,—Burns's woodlark was the tree-pipit." I suppose that this is a very important fact of literary and natural history, and I, for one, would not say a word against either woodlarks or tree-pipits; but the *communiqué* struck me as a little odd and incongruous, all among heated discussions of the Beveridge Report. However, perhaps it is as well to be reminded that the First Cuckoo still pipes while the heathen rage, that the nightingale can sing in Berkeley Square in the midst of the blitz, and that it takes more than Hitler to silence the lark or alienate St. Francis from his friends, the Little Birds.

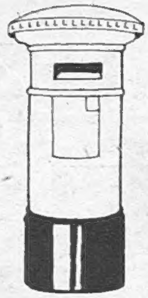
The fifty-eighth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"'ALT! 'OO GOES THERE, AN' WHAT 'AVE I DONE THAT YOU SHOULD GIVE ME THE GO-BY, MISS LOVEJOY?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Yesterday the Carrier brought a package and dumped it in our scullery. I signed the paper with glee, because, out of the corner of my eye, I had already noticed that it came from the Wine Merchant in our Cathedral Town. When I came to examine it more closely I was still more delighted to find that it was addressed, not to Charles, but to me. That meant that it did not contain the two bottles of whisky doled out grudgingly to Charles at the beginning of each month because the Wine Merchant used to play cricket with his father, but a Present, and, what 's more, a Present for me.

I levered up the lid of the box and burrowed in the straw, flinging it out all over the scullery like a dog digging for a bone, and lifted out—what do you think, Robert?—two bottles of sherry. I put them on the scullery table and knelt before them, my whole being, as they say, flooded with happiness. Two bottles of sherry out of the blue was exciting enough in itself, but the thought that somebody loved me enough to send me two bottles of sherry—there lay the supreme and exquisite happiness. I decided at once that it must be a man. Women don't send each other sherry. But who? Had the ripe and mellow friendship I had enjoyed for so many years with the Admiral, Colonel Simpkins, and the Conductor suddenly blossomed into love? The thought thrilled me as I searched feverishly through the straw for a card. There was no card. I examined the labels on the bottles, hoping to find coy, pencilled initials in the corner. There was nothing.

"Two bottles of sherry out of the blue."

But you can't just accept two bottles of sherry and not thank anybody. The card might have been mislaid. I rang up the Admiral. "Are you all right?" I said. "It 's Henrietta."

"Quite, thank you," said the Admiral in a surprised voice. "Are you?"

I rang up Colonel Simpkins. "You 've just woken me out of a beautiful sleep," he said reproachfully. "I was on duty last night."

Muttering apologies, I rang off and then rang up the Conductor. "You know that if I had two bottles of sherry, Henrietta, I would give them to darling Faith," he said.

I was now convinced that my gift had come from an unknown admirer. Perhaps some Stranger who had been touched by my patience in the fish shop. I rang up the Wine Merchant.

"So that 's where they 've gone!" said the Wine Merchant in a relieved voice. "We 've been trying to trace that sherry. It went to the wrong house."

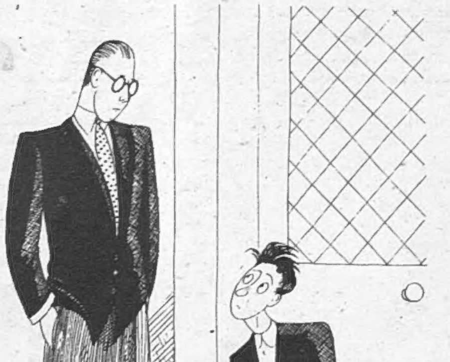
"It was addressed to me," I said in a shaking voice.

"How was it addressed?"

"Mrs. Browne. Plain as plain."

"Browne is a common name. How is Charles?"

"Overworked!" I snapped, and rang off.



"Better a little dust where love is.'"

Matins had to go away last week and look after her mother, and almost immediately afterwards Evensong got influenza and went home to bed. I flung myself into the work of the house with a frenzy which left me, at the end of the week, cross and tired. When Charles came home one day and dropped his pipe on the rug in the hall, I came out of the kitchen grumbling and muttering like Matins on one of her bad days.

"Why bother to keep the house clean?" said Charles, watching me fiercely sweeping a few innocent strands of tobacco into the dust-pan.

"That is *not* the sort of remark one would expect from a doctor, Charles."

"As long as a house is reasonably warm and there 's something to eat, that 's all that matters. Women have no sense of proportion," said Charles, who was tired of coming home to haggard looks and exhausted silences.

"It would be so awful if Evensong came back and found Dirt."

"On the contrary, it would give her a feeling of superiority."

I leant on the brush and looked at Charles earnestly. "I wonder if you 're right," I said.

"I know I 'm right," said Charles. "Better a little dust where love is, than a clean house and contentions withal."

That afternoon I sat down with my knitting. The winter sun was shining in a bright yellow patch on the wall, and on our first bowl of daffodils. Motes of dust danced in the sunlight, but these I contemplated without dismay. Also a thin film of dust on the piano, and the remains of our lunch on the table. A great peace stole over me. The thought that I ought to be digging in the garden also added to my contentment, and after a time my head began to nod and I fell asleep.

I woke to hear the door closing softly. I got up, hoping that the pixies might have been in to wash the dishes as they did in the fairy-tale, but the dining-table was just as it had been when I fell asleep. I crossed the room to the piano. On the top was written with a finger, "There is dust on your piano. Louisa Savernack."

"That 's better," said Charles, looking at my powdered nose as I brought in the dinner that evening. "What have you been doing?"

"Sleeping in my chair." "Good girl!"

"It 's funny to be commended for neglecting one's duty."

"Neglecting my foot!" said Charles. "Women have no sense of proportion."

"You said that at lunch."

"And I shall say it again. They never know when to stop. Who ever heard of a schoolboy overworking for an exam.? But girls are always doing it. It 's Woman's inherent sense of guilt."

"What for?"

"Handing Adam the apple, I suppose."

"Sometimes I wonder whether the world wouldn't be better ruled entirely by women," I said earnestly.

"God forbid!" said Charles with a shudder. "We 'd never get our noses off the grindstone. Half my patients have made themselves ill worrying about Dust. Who 's going to notice dust, anyway?"

"Somebody noticed it in our house today," I said, and led him to the piano.

"He carefully printed a word."

Charles read the message and laughed. Then he leant forward, and under Mrs. Savernack's signature he carefully printed a word which I can't write in this letter, Robert, because of the censor, but you can probably guess what it was.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

BEAUTIFUL LATIN-AMERICANS.

SEÑORITAS STELLA *(left)* and ANA INES CARCANO *are the daughters of H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Mme. Carcano. Señorita Stella is a brunette and Señorita Ana Ines is fair. They were educated in Paris, and previously had an English governess, so they speak French and English fluently as well as Italian and, of course, Portuguese. They are good horsewomen and are fond of golf, swimming and shooting, but at present their time is largely taken up with Red Cross and St. John work. Señorita Ana Ines, like her mother, is an artist, and has done some stage designing in her own country. The Carcanos will, naturally, be much interested by the wonderful gift of £30,000 recently received by the British Government from anonymous donors for the promotion of better mutual knowledge in regard to culture and social welfare between Great Britain and the Republics of Latin America.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. GOODMAN.]

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

YOU can see—if you can find it — "THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS," the second film made by Orson Welles, whose "Citizen Kane" so delighted the intelligent filmgoer and so shocked the exhibitor and the complacent audiences. All I can tell you is that it is to be found somewhere in Acton, somewhere in Burnt Oak, somewhere in Hayes and Chingford, and somewhere in Brighton. The exhibitors are even more shocked by "The Magnificent Ambersons" than they were by "Citizen Kane." Yet I dare wager that those who take an interest in intelligent film production, as well as those who delight in seeing intelligent films when they have been made, will be talking about Orson Welles and "The Magnificent Ambersons" long after the exhibitors who are frightened to book it have been forgotten.

Made from Booth Tarkington's novel of the same name, it sets out to show the gradual disintegration and decay of a proud and wealthy American family in the days when wealth was considered to be synonymous with breeding and culture, and when motor-cars were still an uncertain adventure and were referred to as "horseless carriages."

What is there about Orson Welles, this young man still on the right side of thirty who has shocked and startled and annoyed Hollywood, and who has dared to produce films that, by every accepted canon of the film-maker's art, had no right ever to reach the screen? Well, pretty much what there was about Noel Coward, who shocked and irritated and startled British Filmdom with the way in which he wrote and directed "In Which We Serve." Like Coward, Orson Welles has ideas. He knows exactly what he wants. He won't listen to anyone who says either that it can't be done or that it never has been done that way. All he says is that that's the way he wants it, and that's the way it's going to be. Did you see "Citizen Kane"? Do you remember how every room had a ceiling? Do you ever remember seeing rooms with ceilings before? But how many times have you seen rooms with ceilings since? That's only a little thing, but it's a little thing that Orson Welles has forced on Hollywood. He's going to do a lot more before he's through.

"The Magnificent Ambersons" is not a cheerful film. There really isn't a single nice person in it. It's a pretty grim story. But somehow it gets you. The people, unpleasant though they may be, are real. Their speech is real. Their behaviour is real. You hate them—but you can't help watching them and listening to them. You get to know them so intimately that you would automatically acknowledge them if you came across them in the street. That's the sort of thing that Orson Welles has done. There is nothing synthetic about his conception of life. If it's nasty it's nasty, and if you don't like it, whose fault is that?

There is much in the technical detail of "The Magnificent Ambersons" that will influence the screen for many a long day, and there is much that will cause you to argue and discuss for a long time if you are adventurous enough to seek it out in one of the few places where it may be seen; but as you listen to it you will, I think, realise that it is in the writing and presentation of the dialogue that something new has been brought to the art of the screen. There are no set speeches. There are no "lines" leading up to other "lines." There is just human anger and pride and jealousy and petty spite—the words follow the emotions just as though those emotions were being stirred up in the theatre under your very eyes. You'll hate the film, you'll hate everybody in it—but you won't forget it. You'll have had an experience that will amply repay your labour.

"THE SILVER FLEET" (Leicester Square) brings Ralph Richardson to the screen in one of his all-too-rare appearances, in a film that is hardly worthy of him. It is the story of a Dutch ship-builder whose yard is taken over by the Nazis when Holland is occupied, and who pretends to be a quisling in order that he may, under cover of apparent co-operation, sabotage the two submarines he is building and so prevent their falling into the hands of the Nazis.

The story of how the first submarine is captured at sea, during her trials, by the Dutch loyalists among her crew and brought safely to England is not, I believe, wholly authentic. The second submarine is taken out to sea complete with the Dutch shipbuilder and all the chief Nazis in Holland, and blown up. This is not so much apocryphal as just silly. It is another of the examples of the so-stupid Nazis of which we have had far too many in recent British films. We do neither the films nor ourselves any good by this constant insistence on the untrue picture of Nazis so stupid that they could be deceived by any Fourth Form schoolboy.

This is not to say that "The Silver Fleet" is a bad film. It is just that it is not a good one. There is more than one good film waiting to be made on such a theme. They have not been made yet. There are one or two very good moments in the film. There is, for instance, a beautiful scene at the beginning when Ralph Richardson, pondering his position, thinking of what he must do, and of how he is going to do it, pauses by an open schoolroom window to listen to the children inside singing about The Silver Fleet, the story of how the Dutch hero, "Piet Hein," captured a Spanish treasure fleet. It is then you can realise as you watch Ralph Richardson's face how good he can be when he is allowed the chance.

There is another fine piece of work by the same actor when he goes to his small son's bedroom to persuade him to drink up his milk and calm his anger against his schoolfellows who are calling his father a quisling. Esmond Knight, who was, you will remember, blinded in the action that sank the "Bismarck," plays the part of the chief Gestapo officer. I am bound to say that no one watching him would suspect for a moment that he could not see as well as anyone else.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

****Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.**

*****Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.**

***Ambassadors: "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." Revival with Henry Kendall, Chili Bouchier, Olga Lindo.**

*****Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.**

****Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." With an excellent cast.**

*****Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.**

****Globe: "THE PETRIFIED FOREST." Owen Nares, Constance Cummings, Hartley Power in Robert Sherwood's entertaining play.**

****Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.**

****Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.**

****Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.**

****Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.**

*****Phœnix: "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.**

***Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.**

***Princes: "OLD CHELSEA." Richard Tauber; Carole Lynne; Charles Hawtrey; in romantic musical.**

****St. James': "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgheneв's comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.**

****St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.**

*****Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.**

****Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.**

***Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.**

***Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."**

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

If you think that the rape of Europe and the sufferings of its peoples under Nazi rule are a suitable background for comedy, then you will not feel very violently about "ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON," at the Odeon, with Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant. But perhaps, on the other hand, you may feel as I do that Hollywood is 4000 miles too far away to appreciate just how we feel about things like this.

Its action set on the Burmese war front, "Flying Tigers" (Regal and London Pavilion) is British Lion's film of the intrepid American Volunteer Group of air pilots who answered General Chiang Kai-shek's call in 1937. With a salary of £120 a month and £100 for every Japanese 'plane brought down, and a tiger-shark painted on the noses of their aircraft, they earned the honourable name of "Flying Tigers." John Wayne, John Carroll and Anna Lee are the stars.

Ginger Rogers plays the part of an ex-Broadway strip-teaseuse who is in Austria in order to marry an Austrian Baron. Cary Grant is an American newspaperman. But Ginger's husband is more than an Austrian Baron. He is, apparently, Hitler's right-hand man, and no matter what country he goes to, that country automatically falls beneath the yoke. In the end, by faking her death during the bombing of Warsaw, Cary Grant manages to separate Ginger from her husband, and although there are some complications still to be resolved, that is the end of the Baron. For, after delivering all Europe over to his master, the Baron sets sail for America to do the same thing to the land of the Stars and Stripes. Unfortunately for him, the Stars are on board. Ginger pushes him overboard, and Cary tells the captain, who remarks that "It's just too bad." So you see what sort of film it is.

"JOURNEY FOR MARGARET" (Empire) is a sincerely done piece of work which, if you can stand its poignancy and the painful memories it evokes for us in England, has a lot to commend it. It is based on a book written by an American war correspondent, William L. White, about a little girl called Margaret, whom he adopted and took to America after she had been orphaned by the blitz. In the film, Margaret is played by Margaret O'Brien, a little girl of five, who puts up a quite astonishing performance.

Twentieth Century-Fox's "Springtime in the Rockies" (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion), reviewed in this article, stars BETTY GRABLE, CARMEN MIRANDA *(seen in the mirror), Harry James and his music-makers, and Cesar Romero.*

Briefly, the story is of an American newspaperman, John Davis (Robert Young), and his wife Nora (Laraine Day), who arrive in London from France just as the raids start. On the first night in their hotel, London is bombed, and while John is out covering the story, their hotel is hit, and his wife is taken to hospital. There an operation saves her life, but it prevents their child being born, and it also prevents Nora ever having any more children.

She recovers and goes back to America, leaving her husband in London, where, at a home for children orphaned by bombs which is run by Trudy Strauss (Fay Bainter), he ripens a friendship begun when he pulled a little boy, Peter (William Severn), from the wreckage of a bombed house. Here, too, he meets Margaret, a little girl who has been brought to the home by her "foster mother" as a "difficult" child. Margaret, like Peter, takes to him, and he cables his wife asking if she will agree to their adoption. She replies that she will, and they sail for America and home.

GORDON JONES, *a Tiger, is asked by a newcomer the meaning of the scroll on his back. It is a message in Chinese indicating his name and work, ensuring his safety should he land in Chinese territory.*

There are quite a lot of naïve lines, quite a lot of very painful scenes, but the sincerity with which it is all done more than atones for them; and the acting of the two children is something, in its naturalness and appeal, that is not often seen on the screen. I think you will like this film, but you must go fully prepared to have your feelings harrowed quite a lot.

"SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES" (Gaumont and Marble Arch) is another highly coloured musical which continues the adventures of Miss Betty Grable, Miss Carmen Miranda, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Charlotte Greenwood and all. In addition, it has the assistance of Edward Everett Horton. The technicolor views of Lake Louise are notable, and there are some equally effective technicolor views of Miss Betty Grable, Miss Carmen Miranda, John Payne, Charlotte Greenwood and all. Edward Everett Horton may also be viewed in technicolor.

Miss Miranda performs the somewhat odd feat of singing "Chattanooga Choo Choo" in Portuguese, though the devotees of swing will probably think the high spot of the film is the first appearance on the screen of that trumpet sensation of the American night clubs, Harry James, complete with orchestra.

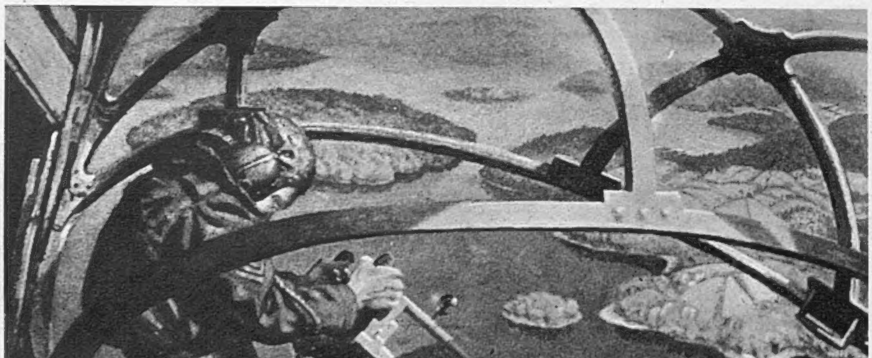
Vicky and Victor (BETTY GRABLE *and* CESAR ROMERO), *old dancing partners, appear together at Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies.*

AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR TRAFFORD LEIGH-MALLORY, *A.O.C. Fighter Comm* *talked to* LILLI PALMER *and* FLORENCE DESMOND *at the entertainment given* *stars just back from Gibraltar, organised by Flight-Lieut. Freddie Carpenter.*

This romantic landscape, which is being hung in the new "Churchill" British Restaurant at Ilford, has been LENT FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE BY H.M. THE KING.

Right: MAJOR A. HUSKISSON, M.C., SYDNEY SMITH, MELBOURNE INMAN *and* TOM WEBSTER *at the opening of Simpson Services Club billiard-room, when a championship billiards and snooker match was held.*

MAJOR GORDON CHAMBERS, MISS PEGGY BRADFORD, CAPT. TANGEMAN, *and* MISS MAE MURRAY *attended the world prem* *of the film "The Silver Fleet," at the Leicester Square Th*



"IN THE CAT'S BLISTER," *by Christopher Perkins, is on view at the "Wings for Victory" Week "R.A.F. in Art" show opened by Captain H. Balfour at Devonshire House. The air gunner is looking along his sights in a Catalina.*

The HON. EDWARD CARSON, *the Life Guards, son of the late* *Carson and of Lady Carson, Cleve Court, married* MISS HEA SCLATER, *daughter of Captain Frank Sclater.*

NEWS AND PERSONALITIES IN PICTURE FOR

PRINCE EMANUEL GALITZINE, R.A.F.V.R., *married* MISS GWENDOLEN RHODES, *younger daughter of Captain Stanley Rhodes, at St. Philip's Russian Orthodox Church. The chief crown-bearers were* COUNT A. DE LASTA *and* PRINCE GEORGE GALITZINE.

LIEUT. JAMES FRANCIS REGINALD CREWS, R.N., *was awarded the George Medal for saving a man and woman from a burning building in a Plymouth blitz by tearing down a door and "tobogganing" them to safety down the blazing stairs.*

IVAN COLVIN *is Chairman and Hon. Organiser of the Royal* [...]*al War Libraries. Dame Myra Hess and Sir Henry Wood,* [...]*ted by the L.S.O., are giving a concert for the funds on* [...]*il 14 at the Albert Hall, under the patronage of the Queen.*

MISS CORDELIA ERRINGTON, *younger daughter of Commander Errington, is engaged to Sub-Lieut. the Hon. P. B. R. Vanneck, younger son of Lord Huntingfield.*

[...]TAIN R. ST. VINCENT SHERBROOKE, R.N., *of the "Onslow," was* [...]*rded the V.C. for his gallantry in the New Year's Eve battle of the Russian convoy. He is seen with* MRS. SHERBROOKE.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, *Minister of Aircraft Production, recently paid his first visit to the H.Q. of the A.T.A. and saw eighteen different types of aircraft in transit. He talked with* FLIGHT CAPTAIN JOAN HUGHES, *a woman pilot.*

[...]E CAMERA REVIEWS THE WEEK'S LIGHTER NEWS.

FAMILY OF THE EIGHTH ARMY AIR ARM CHIEF.

AIR VICE-MARSHAL HARRY BROADHURST, *aged thirty-seven, is the youngest Air Vice-Marshal in R.A.F. history. He has been appointed to command the Western Desert Allied Air Forces. He has been awarded the D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, and A.F.C., has flown over 600 operational hours in fighters and shot down at least twelve enemy 'planes. He was a famous peacetime pilot, and specialised in aerobatics.* MRS. BROADHURST *is a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. They have one child,* DIANA.

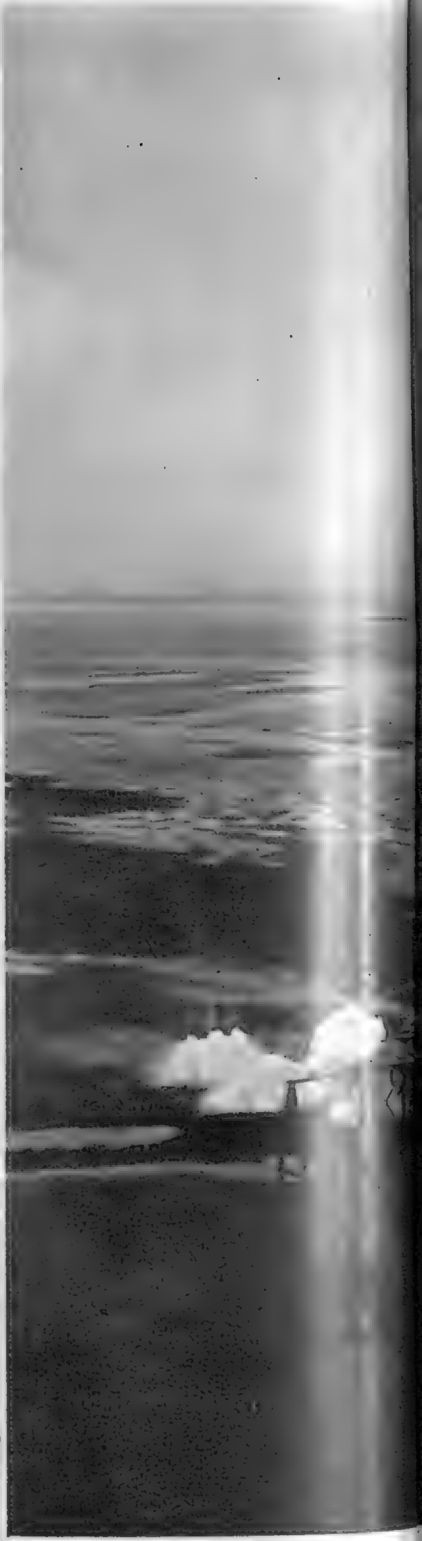
CAMERA PORTRAITS BY BERTRAM PARK AND MARCUS ADAMS; SNAPSHOT BY WIDE WORLD.

THE WAR MINISTER AND HIS WIFE.

THE RT. HON. SIR JAMES GRIGG, P.C., K.C.S.I., Secretary for War, gave in his recent Estimates speech a masterly review of the Army's progress during a year of war which had seen "disaster turn into the beginnings of victory." His description of the Army's realistic battle training and equipment, coupled with the confident note on which he finished, drew from the House of Commons cheers of appreciation of a narrative untarnished by rhetoric. Lady Grigg was Miss Gertrude Charlotte Hough; they were married in 1919. Sir James has been Secretary of State for War since 1942. He served in the R.G.A. from 1915-1918.

THE BOYS WHO HIT THE ENEMY TARGETS DEAD IN THE CENTRE:

The bomb-sight is a most intricate instrument, and a bomb-aimer's training includes hours of arduous study as well as practice before he can be certain of getting his bombs right on the spot.



"All bombs fell in the target area" ... exercise in target practice at a ...

FEBRUARY was our biggest bombing month of the war. Round-the-clock attacks were practically achieved by the R.A.F. and U.S. Army A... Force during the 72 hours following the big raid on Nuremberg; and a heavy attack on Berlin ushered in March. In his message of co... gratulation to Air Chief-Marshal Harris, of Bomber Command, the Prime Minister called attention to the fact that the fine rate of discharge up... Germany and Italy and other enemy targets achieved during the month exceeded by half as much again any previous month of the war. Accura...

N.B. A Coloured ...

HOW SKILLED BOMB-AIMERS ARE MADE BY STUDY AND PRACTICE.

...bomb-aimer does good work at his first ...aining camp somewhere in Britain.

Bomb-aimers studying the working of a bomb-sight: a group of youngsters learning how to get right home on the target. The accuracy of R.A.F. bombing is not attained by any easy road.

as well as weight distinguish these raids, and the certainty of getting well on the target results from the excellence of the modern bomb-sight and the skill with which it is used by the men behind it. Bomb-aimers go through an intensive and arduous course of study. At the end of it they are experts, for bomb-aiming has become a specialised job, and men selected for this vitally important position in the air-crews wear a special badge. Formerly, the job of bomb-aimer was combined with that of navigator or air-gunner, but now the bomb-aimer flies as second pilot.

...inserted in this issue.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS LEUEEN MacGRATH, for being a good hand at getting wool without coupons within the law.

The combing. MISS MacGRATH *operates upon her Minou, while the elegant hands on the right belong to Mrs. Vivian Milroy, whose poodle, Meesha, Minou's mother, lies elegantly comfortable, waiting her turn.*

POSSESSED of a French poodle, Minou, whose coat makes for admiration and envy, it occurred to MISS LEUEEN MacGRATH that here was a means of making comforts for evacuee children. A friend of hers who owns an ancient spinning-wheel entered into the scheme enthusiastically, so the plan materialised and Minou had no objection to giving her wool. The dog's mother,

Continued above, right.

Lying contentedly by some of her own shredded "wool," MINOU, *the French poodle, is not a little proud of her contribution to the war effort.*

Continued.]

Meesha, not to be outdone, immediately volunteered to help in this good cause, so the work started, and it was not long before a goodly display of wool combed from the two dogs was spun into thread suitable for making children's comforts. The poodles quite enjoy

[*Continue*

Spinning the wool is a serious and difficult job, but one at which Miss MacGrath excels.

Continued.]

shedding their coats under Miss MacGrath's skilful manipulation. She is one of the stars of the very successful R.A.F. play "Flare Path," at the Apollo, written by Terence Rattigan, author of "French Without Tears," and directed by Anthony Asquith. This wool-gathering, spinning and manufacture is the pleasant way Miss MacGrath has chosen to fill in her spare time in between performances. These charming photographs were taken in her London flat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

Left: Combed, spun, and knitted in poodle-wool, the finished jumper is a thing of beauty and warmth for its owner.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *(right)* and H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE *(second from left)* are members of the first Buckingham Palace Company of Girl Guides, and are here seen marching smartly along in the ranks, somewhere in the country. Princess Elizabeth is now a Sea Ranger, and recently sent a message of greeting by carrier-pigeon to all Rangers, Guides and Brownies. She will be seventeen years of age on April 21, and is already taking part in public life. Last year she was appointed Colonel of the Grenadiers, the senior regiment of Foot Guards, an appointment which fell vacant on the death of her great-great-uncle, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; and it was recently announced that she had become President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

THE PRINCESSES IN THE RANKS AS GIRL GUIDES.

RUSSIAN COMEDY AT THE ST. JAMES': "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY,"

Rakitin (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) *asks Natalia Petrovna* (VALERIE TAYLOR) *why she is so disturbed and restless.*

" Stay, my love . . . and Heaven must be our judge. . . ." Raki[tin] overhears Natalia's conversation with Beliaev (TOM GILL).

RONALD SQUIRE *as the country doctor, Ignaty Illyich Shpighecsky. He gives a magnificent performance.*

" You're both the salt of the earth. . . . And yet . . ." Natali[a] with her husband, Yslaev, and her devoted friend, Rakitin.

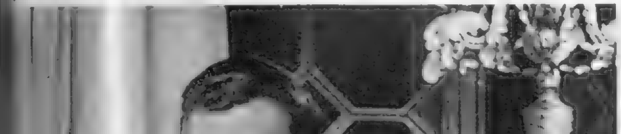
TURGHENEV'S comedy " A MONTH IN THE COUNTR[Y]" adapted and produced by Emlyn Williams at the St. Ja[mes'] Theatre, has a strong cast, headed by Valerie Taylor, who, as [the] rich landowner's wife, looks like a lovely Winterhalter port[rait] come to life. The comedy presents the effect which the arr[ival] of a handsome, unaffected young tutor has on the artificial patt[ern] of life in the country home of the rich landowner, Yslaev. T[he] beautiful mistress of the house, content until then with the soci[...]

PHOTOGRAPH[S ...]

WITH VALERIE TAYLOR, MICHAEL REDGRAVE AND RONALD SQUIRE.

" . . . help me, Michele . . ." ; *Yslaev* (MICHAEL SHEPLEY) *and Anna Semyenovna* (ANNIE ESMOND) *interrupt Natalia and Rakitin.*

" They say orphans make friends sooner than anybody." Vera (ISOLDE DENHAM) *and the young tutor, Beliaev* (TOM GILL).



MICHAEL REDGRAVE *as Rakitin, devoted admirer of Natalia and member of Yslaev's family circle.*

VALERIE TAYLOR *as Natalia Petrovna, beautiful wife of the rich, but rather bucolic landowner, Yslaev.*

of her dull, bucolic husband and her witty, philosophical admirer, Rakitin, grows restless and finds herself falling in love with the tutor, while her ward Vera, whom she regards as a child, suddenly grows up emotionally for the same reason. Ronald Squire gives an exceptionally fine performance as the country doctor. "A Month in the Country" was written in 1850, and the new adaptation of the comedy is based on the text as first produced in Moscow in 1872. Elisaveta Fen has made a special translation.

JOHN VICKERS.

"THE WIND AND THE RAIN": 1001 NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT REVIVED BY RAF AND WAAF.

SQUADRON LEADER THE REV. B. J. BOND *makes a dramatic entrance as Paul Duhamel.*

Jill (A/S/O. J. HAWKER), *very much "lit up," asks for a cigarette from Charles* (FLIGHT-LIEUT. CHICKEN) *and Roger* (FLIGHT-LIEUT. I. MacDONALD); *while Anne* (CORPORAL MICHAELIS) *watches the scene disgustedly.*

Charles, Anne, McFie (SISTER J. McEACHERN), *Gilbert* (FLIGHT-LIEUT. B. L. HOWELL), *and John* (CORPORAL EMBERLEY) *all drink to each other's good fortune.*

Charles and Anne dally before the fire.

The only ladies in the play were A/S.O. J. HAWKER *as Jill,* SISTER McEACHERN *as McFie, and* CORPORAL MICHAELIS *as Anne.*

"THE WIND AND THE RAIN" was staged recently by a talented group of members of the Royal Air Force and the Women's Auxiliary Air Force calling themselves the K.A.D.S. at an R.A.F. Station somewhere near London, by permission of the C.O. It will be remembered that this comedy by Merton Hodge ran for 1001 performances at the St. Martin's Theatre in 1933, with Celia Johnson playing Anne. The R.A.F. edition was produced by Flying Officer J. N. Meguer, assisted by Miss B. Dennison-Pender; and the scenery was built and painted by the K.A.D.S. themselves.

"QUINTESSENCE OF EXOTIC BEAUTY."

MARIA MONTEZ, *Scheherazade of "The Arabian Nights" film, was described by producer Walter Wanger as the "quintessence of exotic beauty" when he cast her for the rôle. Her father is Spanish and her mother Dutch. She was born in the Dominican Republic, where her father was Consul, and convent-educated in the Canary Islands. She speaks four languages, and has travelled widely. Our photographs include one of her in physical-training kit, doing the daily exercises which she considers indispensable to every woman. Two other studies show her at her dressing-table, and in the fourth she is wearing a bottle-green dress with her favourite topaz jewellery.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

A FEW years ago "escapist" literature was regarded in some quarters with an air of slight moral disapproval, as though to turn from things as they are to things as they might be was an act of disloyalty to life, and therefore wrong. Now, however, these puritanical voices seem to be stilled, and an author can label his book "escapist" without incurring reproof. Mr. Louis Golding does not claim this quality for his new novel, but he might, because "Who 's There Within?" aims, and aims successfully, at taking our minds away from the stern realities of the present. It does not take them very far, only to the year 1909; and our introduction to the fairy story which follows is, it must be confessed, a very grim one. A woman has hanged herself in a slum of the industrial city of Dormington; her daughter, a child of six, was with her when she did it; and the kind-hearted woman who investigated the case and adopted little Sophie Briggs understands that the threat of starvation was the cause of the mother's suicide. From that moment desire for money becomes paramount with Sophie; it is the lodestar of her life, and before she is thirty she has not only made herself rich on her own account as a dressmaker, but has twice been married to millionaires.

Cure for the Love of Gold.

Mr. Golding's theme was to show how the love of money was uprooted from Sophie's nature; but the cure is sometimes—indeed, often—lost sight of in a comprehensive description of the symptoms of the disease. Spendthrift though she was, Sophie was soon mistress of more money than she could spend: in London and later, in New York, she enjoyed all that was most glittering in the material prosperity of the later nineteen-twenties. Generosity was not the least of her indulgences. She endowed the two daughters of her Dormington benefactress with "the house with two gardens" which they had always craved. She was generous, in a different way, to the doting husband whose outspokenness in his drinking bouts terrified and affronted her. Money obsessed her mind, but it never got into her blood, and when in the crash of 1929 she lost it all, together with her husband, and gained nothing in exchange but the imputation of having caused his murder, she did not grieve for her departed glory. She set off in her car with a few pounds in her pocket, and was rewarded by finding another husband, an Englishman this time, even more eligible than the first.

Mr. Golding's immensely long novel cannot fail to appeal to anyone who cherishes day-dreams of sudden accession to enormous wealth; it is unashamedly a wish-fulfilment story. But it is more than that. Mr. Golding's imagination has two facets: an Oriental opulence of vision always seeking to gratify itself with an Ali Baba's cave, and a grim, sober outlook on the mean streets of Dormington. The two are complementary to each other; they are never fused into a single point of view—indeed, each asserts itself in exaggeration, and as an artist exaggeration is Mr. Golding's danger. It is the defect of a merit, the merit of untiring creative energy; but it is a menace to the seriousness of intention which underlies his work. The noise and bustle of the book is so overwhelming that one tends to overlook its subtleties. "Who 's There Within?" is full of subtleties, some of them deliciously ironic. If only Mr. Golding could detach his talent, his gift for language and his warm responsiveness to life from the megaphone through which it too often speaks!

It was announced in New York recently that Sir Thomas Beecham, who obtained a divorce at Boise, Idaho, in January, has married MISS BETTY HUMBY, *the English pianist with whom he has often appeared in concerts. Miss Humby's previous marriage, to the Rev. H. C. Thomas, was dissolved, and there is one son, Jeremy, aged eleven, who is with her. Sir Thomas, who is in his sixty-fourth year, is conducting at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.*

The Army in India.

Miss Susan Gillespie's novels of Army life are outstanding. "The Promotion of Fools" is a novel about Army life in India, and about the indiscretions which nearly ruined the career of Captain Perrott, a both promising and unpromising young officer who owed his promotion to petticoat influence. As generally happens, his lapse involved others besides himself. Sir William Sabine, Resident in Banderabad and Agent to the Governor-General for a group of States, felt his position totter when the Rajah of Palam left his principality for an unknown destination. Captain Perrott should have kept the Government informed of the Rajah's movements, but Captain Perrott was not at his post. . . .

Miss Gillespie does not for a moment suggest that the Indian Army is peopled with officers untrue to their trusts or with Rajahs who desert their dominions; on the contrary, it was the rarity of such occurrences that made these two instances so unhappily conspicuous. In both cases the cause of the trouble was a woman; in Perrott's it was the woman who had helped him to his promotion.

An Odious Woman.

Nina is an odious character, irresponsible and selfish to the core; but she is also gay, charming and socially gifted. Had infidelity been her only fault, one might have disapproved, but one need not have disliked her, and her husband's behaviour might have seemed unduly harsh. She stands condemned not for her lightness, but for her callousness: for the fact that when her lover lay, as far as she knew, dying, she would not call in a doctor, for fear lest, being found alone with Perrott, she should be compromised. She preferred her reputation to his life. Similarly, we do not distrust and dislike the Rajah for his unfortunate attachment to Polly Palsternacka, but for his dishonesty towards the American sculptor who languished in his dominions, penniless and unpaid.

Miss Gillespie is clever at detaching the special quality of an act from the act itself; in her novel, deeds speak more loudly and are more revealing than words. The characters express themselves most vividly in action.

Portrait of a Rebel.

In the melancholy annals of Irish politics there is no sadder story, judged by its conclusion, than that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Belonging to the most illustrious family in Ireland, with good looks, abounding health and a delightful disposition, he seemed to have the world at his feet. Had he taken his ideals as lightly as his life, he might have left a happier, if a less well-remembered, name. But the same fixity of purpose which made him, at the age of seventeen, go out to fight for England in the War of American Independence made him, later, a passionate sympathiser with the French Revolution and, later again, a whole-hearted supporter of the United Irishmen. He lived and died for liberty.

At the same time, he was no fanatic, and that is why his story, told by Miss Magdalen King-Hall, in a novel which is almost a biography, does not leave us with the sense of a private life drained and dehumanised by devotion to an idea. On the contrary, it was full of gentle romance and quiet domestic happiness, surrounded by lovable and loving women (the enchanting Lady Sarah Napier was his aunt), and refreshed by country pursuits. He was quite unlike the traditional picture of a rebel, and perhaps would never have been one had he not been cashiered for attending a Revolutionary banquet in Paris. He never let politics interfere with friendship.

But he was a Geraldine, and when he was caught he fought like a tiger. Miss King-Hall's portrait possibly over-emphasises the gentleness of his nature. He lived in an age which witnessed extremes of civilisation and savagery: the society of Devonshire House and the cruelties of repression in Ireland, the salon of Mme. de Genlis and the barbarities of the French Revolution. Miss King-Hall makes the most of this fascinating background, but she does not share our modern liking for horrors and minimises them as much as she can. A great deal of unostentatious erudition has gone to the making of "Lord Edward." To palates dulled by the journalistic type of historical fiction, its taste may not be quite sharp enough, but judgment and restraint are more valuable qualities, and the author has them.

Murder in the Home Guard.

One advantage of a detective story staged in military surroundings is that there are always plenty of lethal weapons to hand, and what looks like an accident may turn out to be a murder. Mr. Christopher Bush makes skilful use of this in "The Case of the Fighting Soldier," a crisply written story of which the scene is a Home Guard instruction school in Derbyshire. The staff personnel is divided into two parties: academic soldiers whose knowledge is based on books or experience in the last war, and "fighting soldiers," who have seen service in Spain; and they are not on very good terms. Captain Mortar, of the second group, has made himself generally disliked: it is the task of Major Travers, second-in-command at the school, and Captain George Wharton, of the C.I.D., to find out how Mortar and his batman lost their lives—a fascinating enquiry.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Who 's There Within? By Louis Golding. (*Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.*)
The Promotion of Fools. By Susan Gillespie. (*Geoffrey Bles; 8s. 6d.*)
Lord Edward. By Magdalen King-Hall. (*Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.*)
The Case of the Fighting Soldier. By Christopher Bush. (*Cassell; 8s. 6d.*)

"WHO 'S WHO," 1943, one of the world's most famous books of reference, is now on sale. Though the new issue contains a larger number of biographies than ever, it remains a volume of handy size, clearly printed and arranged alphabetically. It is priced at 70s. net, and, as everyone knows, is unique in that it includes short biographies of every man and woman who has attained distinction in the arts, sciences or public life, the names of all bearers of inherited titles or holders of State appointments. Addresses and telephone numbers are given when possible. A list of members of the Royal Family, of abbreviations used in the book, and an obituary of the year are also included. A proof of the entry is posted to its subject every year for revision.

John Davis (ROBERT YOUNG) with Peter (WILLIAM SEVERN), sole survivor from a bombed house.

John and Nora Davis (LARAINE DAY) with Peter and Margaret (MARGARET O'BRIEN) in the fury of a blitz on London.

Trudy Strauss (FAY BAINTER) and John Davis with little Margaret, an orphan of the blitz on London.

"JOURNEY FOR MARGARET": BLITZ-TIME STORY.

"JOURNEY FOR MARGARET," M.-G.-M. picture which was due at the Empire on March 5, is a Blitz-time story. John Davis, American correspondent in France, reaches England with his wife Nora, but finds himself in the middle of savage air raids. Nora is soon to become a mother, but as a result of bomb-injuries loses this hope for all time. John works with the wardens and fire-fighters, and helps to rescue four-year-old Peter, who is found injured, but clutching a woolly lamb. Nora returns to America, and John decides to adopt Peter and five-year-old Margaret, also orphaned in a blitz. He takes the children with him to New York—arriving to find it brilliantly lit, but as they are admiring the illuminations, they fade. America is in the war, but Nora tells the frightened children: "They 'll go on again, and when they do—not anyone will ever put them out again."

Five-year-old MARGARET O'BRIEN as Margaret, the little girl who loses both parents through enemy action.

Right: John Davis decides to adopt sad-eyed little Margaret and to take her to the States with him.

THE GOLDEN CORD.*

By E. M. P. INGLEFIELD.

THERE was a slightly awkward pause, which was finally broken by the Vicar's wife. "Nobody really knows them," she said sweetly. The admission left no doubt at all in the visitor's mind as to the social status of the family in question, but it was the Vicar himself who finally threw full light on the situation.

"They do not, I regret, attend the church," he murmured.

Lady Cholderton said "Oh!", and smiled a little to herself; all at once the pleasant vicarage drawing-room seemed a bit dark and airless, and the stiff figures of the Vicar's most correct family just, perhaps, a trifle futile.

"I was thinking of calling on them," she said. "Have they been here long?"

"Only about six months," said the eldest Miss Prout. "Nobody ever sees them."

"Perhaps they prefer the dignity of solitude," said Lady Cholderton, getting up. Her amused eyes turned from Mary Prout's smug face to smile upon the Vicar's wife. "Well, I won't forget about the bazaar, Mrs. Prout; the sixteenth, you said——?"

She walked back to the Grange through the woods that lay at the back of Merrilas. She was pleased to see that the tiny path and the broken-down fence on its left was still the same as it had always been, in the days when she and Roger used to play there as children. Jayne Cholderton loved Kimpton Harbord, because whenever she returned there she found that time had stood still. For a minute she paused to stare over the low hedge of Merrilas. When she and Roger had been little, dear old Mrs. Eldon had lived there, a sweet survival of the Victorian days. In her parlour they had often sat, partaking of cake and home-made parsnip wine, while sitting on hard, high-backed chairs, their feet just off the floor, and hearing the oft-repeated stories of *her* young days that had seemed so dull then, but now possessed a curiously fragrant memory. Oddly enough, that familiar garden had not changed a great deal; there were the same syringa bushes on the left of the french windows, and the tall hollyhocks against the wall on the right. They used to measure themselves against the hollyhocks there, she and Roger; and as she remembered it, Lady Cholderton recalled, too, that it was years since Roger last wrote to her. In fact, all this happened many years ago; and perhaps, after all, she was getting old.

I'll call on these mysterious people as soon as I get back from Lynton, thought Lady Cholderton; and having made that resolve, she walked slowly back to the Grange.

It was a hot day, over a fortnight later, when she made that promised call. A great many people in her position would have used the car, but Jayne preferred what she described as "her own flat feet." People in Kimpton Harbord regarded her as frankly eccentric, an opinion of which she was well aware, and which she took an impish delight in accentuating on every possible occasion. There was a woman standing in the doorway of Merrilas as she marched up the path, a youngish woman with hot blue eyes that glowered hostility out of a pale face.

"I'm Lady Cholderton," said Jayne.

"Won't you come in?" said the woman. She spoke so resentfully, that she might just as well have said: "Get out and stay out"; but Jayne scarcely heard her—she was thirty years back, and quite a little girl.

"Yes, Miss," said Ellen, "Mrs. Eldon's in. Won't you come through. She's been expecting you for a long time."

"That old cuckoo-clock used to be there when my brother and I were children," said Jayne. "The people who had Merrilas recently, had all the old things put away. I'm glad to see you've brought them out again." The woman said nothing, but led her visitor into the little drawing-room.

"You must think I'm very rude, not having called before," said Jayne, "but I've been abroad for the last two years, and only returned last month."

"It's good of you to come," said the woman mechanically. "My husband will be so pleased."

"Good afternoon, dear. It's kind of you to come and see an old woman. Ellen, the cake and some parsnip wine."

"Everything's just the same," said Jayne. "Just the same chairs—I keep thinking I'm small again, and Roger and I are sitting side by side on those quaint high-backed chairs, eating cake and drinking parsnip wine, just as we used to."

"I'm glad it's so like," said the woman. "It's wonderful to dream when the dreams are beautiful."

"When I was a little girl," said old Mrs. Eldon, "my dear father used to take me driving in his high trap with yellow wheels."

"Where is your brother now?" said the woman, from that mist of ever-changing time.

"We just lost touch, my dear; it was just after the war that he suddenly stopped writing. I tried to trace him, but without result."

"And you used to come here together?"

"Yes, frequently. It was a great treat, and we were always welcome. Poor Roger, I wonder where he is now. . . . But I'm afraid I'm being a terrible old bore."

"No," said the woman quickly, "you're not boring me at all. You're telling me something I've wanted to know for a very long time."

"And what is that?"

"That you loved your brother."

"I always hope," said old Mrs. Eldon, "that the memory of this place that you both love will forge a bond between you, like a golden cord that will never loosen; a common love for one place is wonderfully binding; you'll be surprised——"

"Who are you?" said Jayne, in a low voice.

"I'm the girl your brother married in 1918 after the war."

"And Roger—is he——?"

"Yes," said the woman, "he's here." But she made no move, and for a few moments the two women looked into each other's eyes, searching for the truth. Then Jayne spoke.

"Was it the war?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't he tell me? Why didn't he come home?"

"He refused utterly. At first I tried to insist, but it distressed him so I gave it up. You see, he can't speak very well. He had such a horror of your seeing him mutilated——"

"Oh, my God, what did he take me for?"

"I'm afraid it made me misjudge you, but now I see I was wrong. He longed bitterly for Kimpton Harbord, and then he got the idea of taking this cottage. I wrote to the agents and told them that if ever Merrilas came on the market, we should like first refusal of it. Needless to say we had changed our name, so when the place did eventually come up for sale we were able to take possession of it without exciting any comment. The last tenants had stored all the old furniture away in the attics, and to please Roger we had it all down and put back in the old places. You see, he wanted to relive the past."

How strong the scent of syringa was. For a moment Jayne closed her eyes. "Can I see him?" she whispered. "Or would it—?"

"Would you mind another time—when I've prepared him?"

"I quite understand," said Lady Cholderton gently. "And give him my love, my very dearest love."

"Must you go, dears? Well, you may go out by the back; the hollyhocks are glorious, and they are waiting for you."

Hand-in-hand, they stepped out into the garden, to where the hollyhocks stood tall against the blue of the summer sky.

Lady Cholderton met Mrs. Prout near the post-office.

"I've just been to call at Merrilas," she said. "Such a nice woman, and the dear place hasn't changed a bit."

Mrs. Prout's face paled, and she gave a slight gasp.

"Merrilas?" she said. "Merrilas Cottage?"

"Why not?" said Jayne sharply.

"Because—haven't you heard?"

"Heard? Heard what?"

"Since you had tea with me and asked about them, the man died—and his wife had him buried in the garden, under the hollyhocks—and she committed suicide two days after—Merrilas is empty." [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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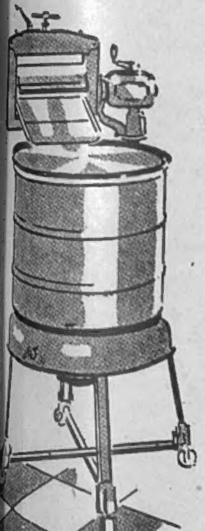
THE use of colour is fashionable as well as economical and, of course, different materials may be present in one model. "Costume" jewellery (the supply of which is very limited) is another asset in the world of dress, as it banishes monotony and needs no coupons. To Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, must be given the credit of the suit on the right of this page. It is made of a woolly material and is a study in tobacco brown and sand, but there are several other colour schemes in which it is available. Another decidedly attractive frock has a deep vest which shades from pale pink to blue. There are also jumper suits with light tops and dark skirts, or the reverse may be the case; they are decorative.

What's next?



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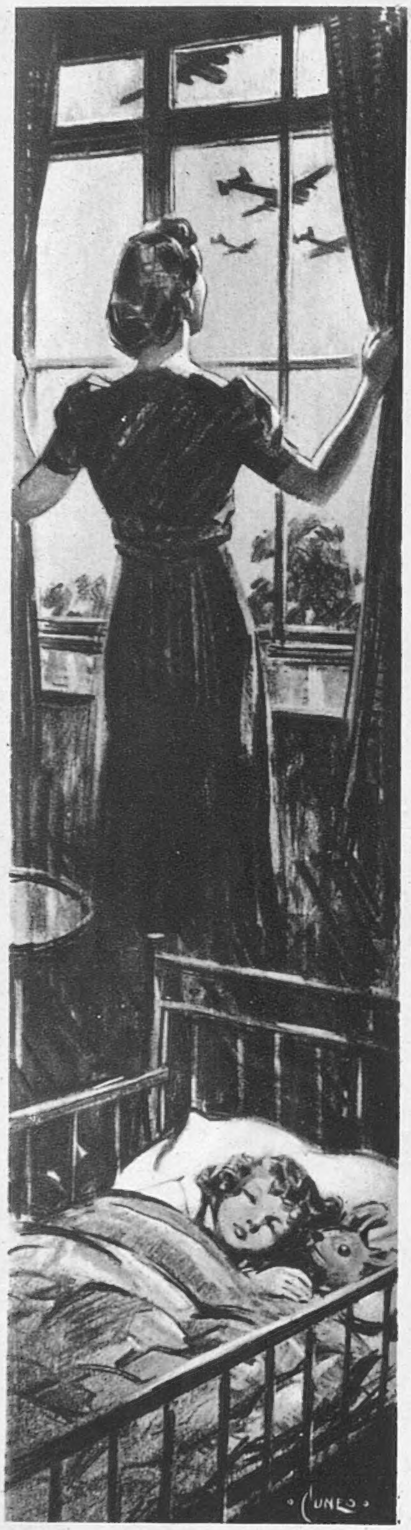

Twilight.
The sky is filled with
droning . . . droning . . .
Bombers are going out
— I wonder where he is
"—*my Peter!*"
He too is going out
somewhere —
— now.
Laughing —
yes, laughing of course!
With his boys.
Jock, his gunner,
Dave the Australian,
Poker Face—second
pilot and Shorty —
the imperturbable :
Cup o'cawffee, Sir ?
To think,
Last week he was home;
The stories he told
of them. . . . . .
and the old kite—
'Peter's Delivery Van!'
Good luck to them—all.
Baby's asleep, Peter.
Some day—
Some day
You'll come home
for good
May that day be soon.

* * * *

We hear the droning, as we listen to the radio and we say "*Lot going over tonight—anything interesting after the news?*" That droning means anxiety—and may mean sorrow— to many a wakeful woman. Let us not forget that. Let us not be conceited about either our war work or our savings. We owe more to our fighting men than we shall ever repay —for we only lend where they give; and give all! *Consider your savings in the light of THIS thought.*

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